

you were made to be mine by thevaccines

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Genre: Boyfriends, M/M, Mistletoe, cute fic, that shoulDA come out at christmas but its okay

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Summary:

Mike wakes up to find Will isn't next to him. A tired panic ensues. But soon that ends when he finds him under the mistletoe.

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Author's Note:

- Inspired by [Joy To Fill Your Heart](#) by [Val_Creative](#).

Mike was currently in between wanting to go back to sleep, but also wanting to open his eyes and wake himself up. His mind began to run, thinking about what he should plan to do for the day, and as his body begins to wake up, he reaches an arm across the blow up mattress, and instead of expecting the warm body next to him, he's met with a cold, empty spot.

That wakes him up, as he opens his eyes, blinking into concentration.

"Will?" He whispers into the empty apartment, slowly turning over, the mattress dipping from the loss of air overnight. He looks around, seeing a sleeping Dustin on the couch, and no Will in sight. He concentrates on listening, but all he can hear is Dustin's faint breathing, nothing else beyond the apartment.

He sits up, cracking his back slightly as he does. Nothing beats his bed at home, except maybe when Will is in it with him. Or if he's anywhere with Will.

"Will?" He calls again, but there's no response. He rubs his face, groaning quietly in frustration. Where the heck was he? He would not have just *left* without saying goodbye. How did he even get off of this mattress without waking Mike anyways?

Will had only done that once, back in the beginning when they first started seeing each other - when they first started sneaking into each others rooms just so they could lie there together and hold each other until the morning. Mike smiles, the memories fond, and he remembers coming home one time and his sheets had been washed by his mother and he *cried* because it no longer smelt like Will.

But that was fixed that very same night, as he held the smaller boy close, arms and legs tangled together, lips grazing, nails scratching.

Mike moves, pushing off his sleeping bag blanket, and stands. His legs ache too, as does his neck and *god* - where the fuck is Will. He looks towards Dustin, his mind easing at how peaceful he looks. He smiles at his friend, even though Dustin is completely knocked out still. They had a long night of drinking some hard egg nog and rewatching old Christmas movies. El and Max came too, and left early to go to some midnight screening of a movie - they hadn't invited the others.

Mike steps quietly through the apartment, his bare toes freezing on the tile floor. On second thought, Mike turns back and grabs his sleeping bag, wrapping it around his shoulders and shuddering. Now, he can complete his quest of finding his boy.

He walks to the small kitchen, thinking maybe Will is somewhere there, but finds nothing, and continues his search through Lucas' small apartment, which was located just outside of Indianapolis. He turns the corner, and something hits his chest, and small *oompf* comes from whatever it was. Mike looks down to find a wild mess of caramel coloured hair. He lets out a small sigh of relief.

"Oh, thank god." Mike whispers. Will looks up, tired and confused.

"What?" He whispers, and Mike opens his arms, the blanket opening up too. Will gives him a tired and pleased smile, stepping closer, his face snuggling into Mike's chest, small arms wrapping around his waist, and Mike puts his arms down and around Will, holding them both under the warm blanket.

"Where did you disappear to?" Mike whispers, and Will mumbles something into his chest. "Hmm?"

"Washroom." Will takes his head out for a moment, eyes still closed, his voice raspy and exhausted.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Cause you were sleeping so quietly...like a baby kitten." Will whispers back, making Mike melt. Mike thinks he hears him meow, but he can't be sure. He thinks maybe he's either still dreaming, or Will is beyond still tired.

Mike kisses the top of his head for a long moment, and then Will opens his eyes, looking up at him. One thing Mike noticed over the years was that Will's eyes in the early morning were always so green, so bright. As if nothing had ever hurt him, and he was still as pure as the day he was born. Mike knew for a *fact* Will wasn't pure, especially during late-nights, sitting with the Wheeler family, the two of them snuggled under a blanket and Will slowly putting his soft hand down Mike's pants. In front of Mike's *parents*. Not like they noticed, anyways, the way Mike was slowly losing interest in the movie, eyes glazed over, cheeks red and breathing becoming shallower. That only happened once, but Mike was still planning his revenge. He had yet to get it.

Will perks his chin up, staring at Mike's lips, and Mike gets the hint. He leans foreword, slowly, teasingly. Their noses brush, Will smiles, and Mike finally closes the gap, one hand clasped tightly to keep the blanket around them, the other going to the back of Will's neck, holding him there. Theres a small spot behind Will's neck that Mike's hand had grown fond of, as it usually went there the instant they were kissing.

Will pushes the heels of his feet up a bit so Mike doesn't have to do all the work. Mike feels his small hands working down towards his waist, and then around his back, and lower until he is straight up cupping Mike's cheeks.

Mike giggles. Will does too, but then they continue kissing. Just small pecks in between giggles.

Mike's favourite part of Will is his neck. He loves the sounds Will makes when he sucks a bruise onto his collarbone, making his way up to the underside of his jaw. And when Will turns his head to the side, letting out an elongated sigh and small *please* as Mike's lips drag achingly slow across there - Mike just can't get enough. As he imagines Will's fingers tightening in his hair and pulling.

And for Will, that place is Mike's ass. Just everything about it. Sure, he loves giving Mike hickeys as well and all that good stuff, but whenever he can get a chance to pinch it - you just *know* he will take it. There was one time when Will had come to see Mike, and Mike was lying on his stomach on his bed, reading a comic. Will had

stridden towards him, and curled himself around his boyfriend's long legs, resting his head on Mike's soft and plush butt - and fell asleep just like that. Mike laughed at first, but didn't bother waking him, and instead, just kept reading. When Mike walks away, usually off the couch to go grab a soda, he walks in a way that makes Will *stare*.

"Hey," Mike whispers, standing straighter, and Will pouts, standing on his toes to kiss him again before finally listening, "Wanna go back to sleep?"

"No." Will says quickly, sounding annoyed. Then looks up, and gasps. Mike follows his gaze, and smiles.

"Wow, was that just good luck or what?"

"Now you gotta kiss me again - one for the good morning and *one for the mistletoe*."

"I mean, if you insist." Mike says, and in one quick movement, he's dropped the blanket, as he bends his knees and wraps an arm under Will's butt and lifts him. Will laughs, but then stifles it, as the rest of the people in this apartment are most definitely still sleeping. At least, they both hoped. This was another thing Mike loved, how easy and effortless it was to lift Will up. Countless times they had been watching movies in Mike's basement, and within a minute, after a whole night of endless teasing, Mike had carried Will upstairs to his bed.

Will brings his legs to wrap around Mike's lower back, and Mike pushes him against the wall. They don't waste another second, meeting in the middle, their teeth clinking slightly as Will opens his mouth, Mike's tongue sliding in. Its familiar, and its so good. Will feels his hips involuntarily grind down, and Mike moans low and cautious. They can't be doing this. Will does it again, this time, completely in control of his actions, knowing full well the look on Mike's face is complete pleasure masked by annoyance.

"Will," Mike warns, Will laughing hotly, they both take a breath before meeting again, their chests heaving, eyes growing darker, narrower, the gap between them closing slowly, lips meeting without much force or need, even though they are both just waiting for the

other to collapse and give in.

“Oh- Really!?” The two jump slightly, Mike’s arms tightening around Will as they both separate, heads turning quickly to the sound. Lucas stands there, an angry look on his face. “You guys are *not* allowed to fuck in my apartment. Got it?” He steps towards them, and then turns, stepping into the washroom and closing the door. They hear a groan from the living room, as Dustin is beginning to stir awake.

“Should we...go?” Mike whispers, looking back at Will. Will smiles, big and toothy, smoothing Mike’s hair away from his face. He shakes his head, staring lovingly into his boyfriend’s eyes. Mike smiles and - *no*, Will thinks, *his smile is my favourite thing*. With his two front crooked teeth.

“I promised Dustin and Lucas I’d make pancakes.” Will whispers.

“You did!? God, I love you.” Mike exclaims, then putting Will down, not before giving him one last kiss.

Author's Note:

i hope you enjoyed!! comments & kudos appreciated!!